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## SOMEBODY'S SERVANT GIRL.

She stood there leaning wearily  
 Against the window frame;  
 Her face was patient, sad and sweet,  
 Her garments coarse and plain;  
 "Who is she, pray?" I asked a friend,  
 The red lips gave a curl—  
 "Really! I do not know her name,  
 She's some one's servant girl."  
 Again I saw her on the street  
 With bundle trudge along,  
 Her face was sweet and patient still,  
 Amid the jostling throng;  
 Slowly but cheerfully she moved,  
 Guarding with a watchful care,  
 A market-basket much too large  
 For her slight hands to bear.  
 A man, I thought a gentleman,  
 Went pushing rudely by,  
 Sweeping the basket from her hands,  
 But turning not his eye;  
 Nor is there necessity,  
 Amid that busy whirl,  
 For him to be a gentleman—  
 To "some one's servant girl."  
 Ah, well that it is God above  
 Looks in upon the heart,  
 And never judges any one  
 By just the outer part;  
 For if the soul be pure and good,  
 He will not mind the rest,  
 Nor questions what the garments were  
 In which the form was dressed.  
 And many a man and woman fair—  
 By fortune reared and fed,  
 Who will not mingle here below  
 With those who earn their bread,  
 When they have passed away from life  
 Beyond the gates of pearl,  
 Will meet before their Father's throne  
 With many a servant girl.

## THE BLACK TULIP.

BY ALEXANDRE DUMAS,  
 Author of the "Count of Monte Cristo,"  
 "The Three Musketeers," "Forty Years After," "Brigandage,"  
 "The Son of Athos," "The Iron Mask," etc., etc.

## CHAPTER XII.

## THE EXECUTION.

Cornelius had not three hundred paces  
 to walk outside the prison to reach  
 the foot of the scaffold. At the bottom of  
 the staircase, the dog quietly looked at him  
 whilst he was passing: Cornelius even  
 fancied he saw in the eyes of the monster  
 a certain expression, as it were, of  
 compassion.  
 The dog, perhaps, knew the condemned  
 prisoners, and only bit those who left  
 as free men.  
 The shorter the way from the door of  
 the prison to the foot of the scaffold, the  
 more fully, of course, it was crowded with  
 curious people.  
 These were the same who, not satisfied  
 with the blood which they had shed three  
 days before, were now craving for a new  
 victim.

And scarcely had Cornelius made his  
 appearance, than a fierce groan ran thro'  
 the whole street, spreading all over the  
 yard, and re-echoing from the streets  
 which led to the scaffold, and which were  
 likewise crowded with spectators.  
 The scaffold indeed looked like an islet  
 at the confluence of several rivers.

In the midst of these threats, groans  
 and yells, Cornelius, very likely in order  
 not to hear them, had buried himself in  
 his own thoughts.

And what did he think of, in his last  
 melancholy journey?  
 Neither of his enemies, nor of his  
 judges, nor of his executioners.

He thought of the beautiful tulips  
 which he would see from heaven above,  
 at Ceylon, or Bengal, or elsewhere, when  
 he would be able to look with pity on  
 this earth, where John and Cornelius De  
 Witte had been murdered, for having  
 thought too much of politics, and where  
 Cornelius Van Baerle was about to be  
 murdered for having thought too much of  
 tulips.

"It is only one stroke of the axe," said  
 the philosopher to himself, "and my beau-  
 tiful dream will begin to be realized."

Only there was still a chance, just as it  
 had happened before to M. De Chalaise,  
 to M. De Thou, and other slovenly-executed  
 people, that the headsman might  
 inflict more than one stroke, that is to  
 say, more than one martyrdom, on the  
 poor tulip-fancier.

Yet, notwithstanding all this, Van Baerle  
 mounted the scaffold not the less resolute-  
 ly, proud of having been the friend of that  
 illustrious John, and godson of that noble  
 Cornelius De Witte, whom the ruffians,  
 who were crowding to witness his own  
 doom, had torn to pieces and burnt  
 three days before.

He knelt down, said his prayers, and  
 observed, not without a feeling of sincere  
 joy, that laying his head on the block,  
 and keeping his eyes open, he would be  
 able to his last moment, to see the grating  
 window of the Buitenhof.

At length the moment arrived, and  
 Cornelius placed his chin on the cold,  
 damp block. But in this moment, his  
 eyes closed involuntarily, to receive more  
 resolutely the terrible avalanche which  
 was about to fall on his head, and engulf  
 his life.

A gleam, like that of lightning, passed  
 across the scaffold: it was the executioner  
 raising his sword.

Van Baerle bade farewell to the grand  
 black tulip, certain of awakening in another  
 world full of light and glorious tints.

## THE HARTFORD HERALD.

"I COME, THE HERALD OF A NOISY WORLD. THE NEWS OF ALL NATIONS LUMBERING AT MY BACK."

VOL. 1.

HARTFORD, OHIO COUNTY, KY., NOVEMBER 3, 1875.

NO. 44.

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Three times he felt, with a shudder,  
 the cold stream of air from the knife com-  
 ing near his neck, but, what a surprise!  
 he felt neither pain nor shock.

He saw no change in the color of the  
 sky, and of the world around him.  
 Then suddenly, Van Baerle felt gentle  
 hands raising him, and soon stood on his  
 feet again, although trembling a little.

He looked around him. There was  
 some one by his side, reading a large  
 parchment, sealed with a huge seal of red  
 wax.

And the same sun, yellow and pale, as it  
 behoves a Dutch sun to be, was shining in  
 the skies; and the same grating window  
 looked down on him, from the Buitenhof.

And the same rattle, no longer yelling,  
 but completely thunderstruck, was staring  
 at him from the streets below.

Van Baerle began to be sensible to  
 what was going on around him. His  
 Highness, William, Prince of Orange,  
 very likely afraid that Van Baerle's blood  
 would turn the scale of judgment against  
 him, had compassionately taken into  
 consideration his good character, and the  
 apparent proofs of his innocence.

His Highness, accordingly, had granted  
 him his life.  
 Cornelius at first hoped that the pardon  
 would be complete, and that he would be  
 restored to his full liberty and to his flower-  
 borders at Dort.

But Cornelius was mistaken. To use  
 an expression of Madame de Sevigne, who  
 wrote about the same time, "there was a  
 postscript to the letter;" and the most im-  
 portant point of the letter was contained  
 in the postscript.

In this postscript, William of Orange,  
 Stadtholder of Holland, condemned Cor-  
 nelius Van Baerle to imprisonment for life.  
 He was not sufficiently guilty to suffer death,  
 but he was too much so to be set at liberty.

Cornelius heard this clause, but, the  
 first feeling of vexation over, he said to himself:

"Never mind, all this is not lost yet,  
 there is some good in this perpetual im-  
 prisonment; Rosa will be there, and also  
 my three bulls of the black tulip are there."

But Cornelius forgot that the Seven  
 Provinces had seven prisons, one for each,  
 and that the board of the prisoner is any-  
 where else less expensive than at the  
 Hague, which is the capital.

His Highness, who, as it seems, did not  
 possess the means to feed Van Baerle at  
 the Hague, sent him to undergo his per-  
 petual imprisonment at the fortress of  
 Lovestein very near Dort, but alas! very  
 far from it; for Lovestein, as the geogra-  
 phers tell us, is situated at the point of  
 the islet which is formed by the confluence  
 of the Waal and the Meuse, opposite  
 Gorenem.

Van Baerle was sufficiently versed in  
 the history of his country to know that  
 the celebrated Grotius was confined in  
 that castle, after the death of Barneveldt;  
 and that the States, in their generosity to  
 the illustrious publicist, jurist, historian,  
 poet and divine, had granted to him, for  
 his daily maintenance the sum of twenty-  
 four stivers.

"I," said Baerle to himself, "I am  
 worth much less than Grotius, they will  
 hardly give me twelve stivers, and I shall  
 live miserably; but never mind, at all  
 events I shall live."

Then, suddenly, a terrible thought  
 struck him.

"Ah!" he exclaimed, "how damp and  
 misty that part of the country is; and the  
 soil so bad for the tulips, and then Rosa  
 will not be at Lovestein!"

## CHAPTER XIII.

WHAT WAS GOING ON ALL THIS TIME IN THE  
 MIND OF ONE OF THE SPECTATORS.

Whilst Cornelius was engaged with his  
 own thoughts, a coach had driven up to  
 the scaffold. This vehicle was for the  
 prisoner. He was invited to enter it, and  
 he obeyed.

His last look was toward the Buitenhof.  
 He hoped to see at the window the face  
 of Rosa, brightening up again.

But the coach was drawn by good  
 horses, and soon carried Van Baerle away  
 from among the shouts, which the rabble  
 roared in honor of the magnanimous  
 Stadtholder, mixing with it a piece of  
 abuse against the brothers De Witte and  
 the godson of Cornelius, who had just now  
 been saved from death.

This reprieve suggested to the worthy  
 spectators remarks such as the follow-  
 ing:

"It's very fortunate that we used such  
 speed in having justice done to that great  
 villain, John, and to that little rogue  
 Cornelius, otherwise His Highness might  
 have snatched them from us, just as he  
 has this fellow."

Among all the spectators whom Van  
 Baerle's execution had attracted to the  
 Buitenhof, and whom the sudden turn of  
 affairs had disagreeably surprised, un-  
 doubtedly the most disappointed was a  
 certain respectfully-dressed burgher, who  
 from early morning, had made such good  
 use of his feet and elbows, that he at last  
 was separated from the scaffold only by  
 the file of soldiers which surrounded it.

Many had shown themselves eager to  
 see the perdition blood of the guilty Cor-  
 nelius flow, but not one had shown such  
 keen anxiety as the individual just alluded  
 to.

The most furious had come to the Bui-  
 tenhof at day-break, to secure a better  
 place; but he, outdoing even them, had  
 passed the night at the threshold of the  
 prison, from whence, as we have already  
 said, he had advanced to the very fore-  
 most ranks *angustus et rostris*; that is to  
 say, coaxing some, and kicking the others.

And when the executioner had conducted  
 the prisoner to the scaffold, the burge-  
 rer who had mounted on the stone of the  
 pump, the better to see and be seen, made  
 to the executioner a sign which meant,—  
 "It's a bargain, isn't it?"

The executioner answered by another  
 sign, which was meant to say,—  
 "Be quiet, it's all right."

This burgher was none other than Myn-  
 heer Isaac Bostel, who, since the arrest  
 of Cornelius, had come to the Hague, to  
 try if he could not get hold of the three  
 suckers of the black tulip.

Bostel had at first tried to bring over  
 Gryphus to his interest, but the jailor  
 had not only the snarling fierceness, but  
 likewise the fidelity of a dog. He had  
 therefore briefted up at Bostel's hatred,  
 whom he had suspected to be a warm  
 friend of the prisoner, making trifling in-  
 quiries, to contrive, with the more cer-  
 tainty, some means of escape for him.

Thus to the very first proposals which  
 Bostel made to Gryphus to flit the bulbs,  
 which Cornelius Van Baerle must be sup-  
 posed to conceal, if not in his breast, at  
 least in some corner of his cell, the surly  
 jailor had only answered by kicking off  
 Mynheer Isaac out, and setting the dog  
 at him.

The piece which the mastiff had torn  
 from his nose did not discourage Bostel.  
 He came back to the charge, but this time  
 Gryphus was in bed, feverish, and with  
 a broken arm. He, therefore, was not  
 able to admit the petitioner, who then  
 addressed himself to Rosa, offering to  
 buy her a head dress of pure gold, if  
 she would get the bulbs for him. On this,  
 the generous girl, although not yet  
 knowing the value of the object of the  
 robbery, which was to be so well remun-  
 erated, had directed the tempter to the  
 executioner, as the heir of the prisoner.

In the meanwhile the sentence had  
 been pronounced. Thus Isaac had no  
 more time to baffle any one. He there-  
 fore clung to the idea which Rosa had  
 suggested: he went to the executioner.

Isaac had not the least doubt but that  
 Cornelius would die with his bulbs on his  
 heart.

But there was too things which Bostel  
 did not calculate upon.

Rosa, that is to say—love.  
 William of Orange, that is to say—  
 clemency?

But for Rosa and William, the calcu-  
 lations of this envious neighbor would  
 have been correct.

But for William, Cornelius would have  
 died with his bulbs on his heart.

Mynheer Bostel went to the headsman,  
 to whom he gave himself out as a great  
 friend of the condemned man, and from  
 whom he bought all the clothes of the  
 dead man that was to be, for one hundred  
 guilders, rather an exorbitant sum, as he  
 engaged to leave all the trinkets of gold  
 and silver to the executioner.

But what was the sum of a hundred  
 guilders to a man who was all but sure  
 to buy with it the prize of the Haarlem  
 Society?

It was money lent at a thousand per  
 cent., which, as nobody will deny, was a  
 very handsome investment.

The headsman, on the other hand had,  
 scarcely anything to do to earn his hun-  
 dred guilders. He needed only, as soon  
 as the execution was over, to allow Myn-  
 heer Bostel to ascend the scaffold with  
 his servants, to remove the inanimate re-  
 mains of his friend.

The thing was, moreover, quite custo-  
 mary among the "faithful brethren," when  
 one of their masters died a public death  
 in the Buitenhof.

A fanatic like Cornelius might very  
 easily have found another fanatic who  
 gave a hundred guilders for his remains.

The executioner also readily acquiesced  
 in the proposal, making only one condi-  
 tion—that of being paid in advance.

Bostel, like the people who enter a  
 show at a fair, might not be pleased, and  
 refuse to pay on going out.

Bostel paid in advance and waited.  
 After this the reader may imagine how  
 excited Bostel was, with what anxiety he  
 watched the guards, the Recorder and the  
 executioner; and with what intense inter-  
 est he surveyed the movements of Van  
 Baerle. How would he place himself on  
 the block? how would he fall? and would  
 he not, in falling, crush those inestimable  
 bulbs? had not he at least taken care to  
 enclose them in a golden box? as gold is  
 the hardest of all metals.

Every trifling delay irritated him. Why  
 did that stupid executioner thus lose  
 time in brandishing his sword over the  
 head of Cornelius, instead of cutting that  
 head off?

But when he saw the Recorder take the  
 hand of the condemned, and raise him,  
 whilst drawing forth the parchment from  
 his pocket; when he heard the pardon of  
 the Stadtholder publicly read out—then  
 Bostel was no more like a human being;

the rage and malice of the tiger, of the  
 hyena, and of the serpent glistened in his  
 eyes, and vented itself in his yell and his  
 movements. Had he been able to get at  
 Van Baerle he would have pounced upon  
 him and strangled him.

And so, then, Cornelius was to live,  
 and was to go to Lovestein, and thither  
 to his prison he would take with him his  
 bulbs; and perhaps he would even find a  
 garden where the black tulip would flower  
 for him.

Bostel, quite overcome by his frenzy,  
 fell from the stone on some Orangemen,  
 who like him, were sorely vexed at the  
 turn which affairs had taken. They mis-  
 taking the frantic cries of Mynheer Isaac  
 for demonstrations of joy, began to be-  
 labor him with kicks and cuffs, such as  
 could not have been administered in bet-  
 ter style to any prize-fighter on the other  
 side of the Channel.

Blows were, however, nothing to him.  
 He wanted to run after the coach which  
 was carrying away Cornelius with his  
 bulbs. But in his hurry he overlooked  
 a paving-stone in his way, stumbled,  
 lost his centre of gravity, rolled over to a  
 distance of some yards, and only rose  
 again, bruised and begrimed, after the  
 whole rabble of the Hague with their  
 muddy feet had passed over him.

One would think that this was enough  
 for one day, but Mynheer Bostel did not  
 seem to think so, as in addition to hav-  
 ing his clothes torn, his back bruised, and  
 his hands scratched, he inflicted upon  
 himself the further punishment of tearing  
 out his hair by handfuls, as an offering to  
 that goddess of envy, who, as mythology  
 teaches us, has for her head dress only a  
 set of serpents.

[Continued next week.]

## The Cheerful Face.

Next to sunlight of heaven is the sun-  
 light of cheerful face. There is no mis-  
 taking it—the bright eye, the unclouded  
 brow, the sunny smile—all tell of that  
 which dwells within. Who has not felt  
 its electrifying influence? One glance at  
 this face lifts us at once out of the mists  
 and shadows, away from tears and re-  
 pinning, into the beautiful realms of hope.  
 One cheerful face in a household will  
 keep everything bright and warm within.  
 Envy, hatred, malice, selfishness, despon-  
 dency, and a host of evil passions may  
 lurk around the door, they may even look  
 within, but they never enter and abide  
 there—the cheerful face puts them to flight.

It may be a very plain face, but there  
 is something in it that we feel we can-  
 not express, and its cheerful look sends  
 the blood dancing through our veins for  
 every joy. We turn toward the sun, and  
 its warm, genial influence refreshes and  
 strengthens our failing spirits. Ah, there  
 is a word of magic in the plain cheerful  
 face! It charms us with a spell of eter-  
 nity and we would not exchange it for  
 all the soulless beauty that ever graced  
 the fairest form.

It may be a very little one that we  
 nestle upon our bosom or sing to sleep in  
 our arms with a low, sweet melody; but  
 it has such a bright, cherry face! The  
 scintillations of joyous spirits are flash-  
 ing from every feature. And what a  
 power it has over the household, binding  
 each heart together, in tenderness and  
 love and sympathy! Shadows may dark-  
 en around us, but somehow this face ever  
 shines between. And it shines so  
 brightly that the shadows cannot remain;  
 and silently they creep away into the  
 dark corners, and remain there until the  
 cheerful face is gone.

It may be a wrinkled face but it is all  
 the dearer for that, and not the less  
 bright. We linger near it, and gaze ten-  
 derly upon it and say: "God bless the  
 cheerful face!" We must keep it with  
 us as long as we can, for home will lose  
 much brightness when the cheerful face  
 is gone.

And after it has gone, how the remem-  
 brance of it purifies and softens our way-  
 ward nature! When care and sorrow  
 would snap our heartstrings asunder, this  
 wrinkled face looks down upon us, the  
 painful tension grows lighter, and the  
 way is less heavy. As is the spirit,  
 mind and disposition, so are the features.

## Be Contented.

No matter what comes in, if more goes  
 out you will always be poor. The art is  
 not in making money, but in keeping it  
 little expense, like mice in a barn, when  
 they are many, make great waste. Hair  
 by hair, heads get bald; straw by straw  
 the thatch goes of the cottage; and drop  
 by drop the water comes in the chamber.

A barrel is soon empty if the tap only  
 leaks a drop a minute. When you begin  
 to save, begin with your mouth, as many  
 thieves pass down the red lane. The ale  
 jug is a great waste. In all other things  
 keep within compass. Never stretch  
 your legs further than your blankets  
 will reach, or you will soon be cold. In  
 clothes choose suitable and lasting stuff,  
 and no tawdry fancies. To be warm is  
 the main thing; never mind the looks.  
 A fool may make money, but it needs a  
 wise man to spend it. Remember it is  
 easier to build two chimneys than to keep  
 one going. If you will give all to back  
 and board, there is nothing left for the  
 savings' bank. Fare hard and work  
 hard while you are young; and you will  
 have a chance to rest when you are old.

## "TOM."

"If there are any Angels I know that  
 Tom Will See 'em."  
 [From the Detroit Free Press.]

Plain Tom. It might have been more  
 than Tom once, when he was a babe, and  
 had a father and mother, some one to  
 care for him, even if they had but little  
 love for him. After they died; after he  
 was turned out on the wide world to  
 fight his own way; to hunger for food, to  
 yearn for sympathy and kind words, his  
 name was "Tom." It was name enough  
 for a wail, a ragged hungry boy who re-  
 ceived more kicks than pennies, and who  
 used to sit on the post office steps and  
 try to remember when any one had  
 spoken a kind word to him.

The boy sometimes wondered and  
 pondered over the words "sympathy,"  
 "mercy," and "charity." He heard peo-  
 ple use them—the same people who en-  
 filed him about and were content to  
 see him in rage. He thought the words  
 must mean something away off—some-  
 thing he could not grasp then, but might  
 approach when he had grown to man's  
 estate. If Tom's voice had sadness and  
 sorrow in it as he cried "shine!" or if it  
 had exultation in it as he shouted "morn-  
 ing papers!" no one in the busy throng  
 seemed to notice or care. He realized  
 that he was standing up single-handed to  
 battle against a great world, and some-  
 times when the world struck him down,  
 the boy crept away into an alley to sor-  
 row and grieve that he had ever been  
 born.

They found a bundle of rags in a pub-  
 lic hall-way yesterday morning. The old  
 janitor pushed at the bundle with his  
 broom, and growled and muttered over  
 its being left there by some vagrant. The  
 bundle of rags was Tom. The janitor  
 bent over him and pushed at him again,  
 and called to him to rise up and go about  
 his business, but the bundle did not  
 move. Tom was dead. One arm was  
 thrown around his boot-box that it  
 might not be stolen while he slumbered—  
 the other rested on his breast, fingers  
 tightly clenched, as if death had come  
 while the boy was resolving to carry on  
 the unequal battle against poverty and a  
 cold world to a bitter end.

There should have been sadness in the  
 hearts of those who lifted up the body  
 and sent it away to be buried in Potter's  
 field, but there was not. They were men  
 to be sure, but they could not understand  
 how it made any difference to the world,  
 whether it had one heart more or less.  
 They could not feel the heart-aches Tom  
 had felt—his desperation—his grim de-  
 spair—his bitter crushing everyday sor-  
 rows. They could have at least uncov-  
 ered their heads as the body was lifted  
 up, and said to each other: "He was  
 brave to fight such a battle." But they  
 did not. There would have been no  
 word, no eulogy, had not another wail  
 passed the door by chance. He saw the  
 body, recognized it, and as he let the box  
 fall to the flags that he might brush a  
 tear from his eye, he whispered:

"If there are any angels I know that  
 Tom'll see 'em."

And no man shall dare to take from or  
 add to the simple, tearful eulogy. There  
 will be a shallow grave which will soon  
 sink out of sight and memory, and scarce  
 a month will pass away before even the  
 lad's name will be forgotten by the  
 world—the world which prides itself on  
 its charity and mercy, and which let  
 poor Tom stand up alone in his battle  
 for food and raiment and a place to rest  
 his feet, let him creep on to die alone in  
 the shadows of midnight, feeling in his  
 young heart that every man's hand was  
 against him, because he was a wail, a  
 ragged, hungry, orphan.

## Persons of Importance.

Talk about persons of importance, will  
 you? There's no one equal to the family  
 boy. Never a king, or emperor, or  
 president with his power. He knows it,  
 too, before his tiny feet can patter over  
 the floor. He is as sure of it as if he  
 knew every language ever spoken, instead  
 of none.

When he awakes in the morning, an-  
 other sun rises, when he is carried away  
 for the night, he must kiss every one, and  
 every one rejoices in his kisses. His  
 eating and drinking, his walking and his  
 pantomimes are subjects for important  
 bulletins every day.

Ah, how strange that this important  
 being must one day be let down to the  
 position of an ordinary boy, expected to  
 eat what is set before him, and do as he  
 is told—perhaps to go into somebody's  
 office and be snubbed; that he should  
 come after a while to be a man, and find  
 no one very anxious as to his kisses—  
 nay, to have refused him occasionally.  
 Yet it's true. If he lives, he will slide  
 slowly down to the ordinary level.

He'll be "our baby" no more, but only  
 a common human being, with faults in  
 plenty; and even if he should stand at the  
 top of the ladder, be a great soldier, a re-  
 nowned statesman, a genius—no matter  
 what, he'll never be what he is now, a  
 faultless creature, whose will is law to  
 everybody, who has not an enemy in the  
 world, and lots of lovers, and who has  
 to be called a darling, smothered with ca-  
 resses, and comforted with fagons.

## A Strong "Lone Hand."

M. Quad says: Day before yesterday  
 Mrs. Bliss, of Mullet street, found a en-  
 chire-deck in her boy's pocket, and when  
 she took him by the hair he calmly said:  
 "Hold on, mother, it isn't your play."  
 "I'll play you!" she hissed, tightening  
 her grip. "How came you by these  
 cards?"

"Mother, you shouldn't trump me this  
 way," he exclaimed.

"Trumps! trumps! What do you  
 know about trumps?"

"Why, mother, any fool knows that  
 the right bower will take any ace every  
 time."



# THE HERALD.

JOHN P. BARRETT & CO., Publishers

JOHN P. BARRETT, Editor.

HARTFORD, OHIO COUNTY, KY.

WEDNESDAY, NOV. 3, 1875.

## Rev. J. A. Humphrey prohibited from preaching in Hartford.

The Greenville District Conference of the Methodist Episcopal church, held at No Creek, last week, passed the following preamble and resolutions:

WHEREAS, One preacher has no pastoral right in any territory other than that which is included within the bounds of his own work, or that may be included within it, and especially in the territory which is embraced in the work of another, without the invitation of the pastor, thereof, and,

WHEREAS, The Rev. J. A. Humphrey, of the Ky. Conference of the Methodist Episcopal church, Scottville circuit, has violated this right by making and filling appointments within the bounds of the work of Rev. B. G. Gardner, and without his consent, and without consulting him, he being a member of the same conference, therefore,

Resolved That we, the members of the Greenville District Conference of the Ky. Conference of the Methodist Episcopal church, regard this conduct of this brother a violation of that courtesy which is ever due from one Methodist preacher to another, and,

Resolved, That if this brother continues or persists in such a course, that the Presiding Elder, present a copy of this paper to the Annual Conference at its next session at Newport, Ky.

J. W. CORNELIUS, SILAS GREEN, J. S. ROGELS, J. T. PENDER, Mc. J. DAVIS.

When Rev. Mr. Humphrey left this work, and was assigned to the Scottville circuit, it suited him best to leave his family in this county, he having purchased a home for them near Hartford. He is very popular as a preacher in Hartford, and generally draws larger audiences than any other preacher has for a long time. A large number of our citizens petitioned the last Annual Conference to return him to this circuit. When it was ascertained that he had been sent to Scottville, and learning that his family would remain here, and knowing that he would be back occasionally, the citizens of Hartford earnestly solicited him to arrange it so as to preach for us now and then, which he finally consented to do, making his appointments on all the fifth Sundays that he could spare from other work. Was there anything wrong in this? If in filling these appointments here, he neglected his work in the Scottville circuit, then the brethren there had a right to complain, but the murmurs come not from them. If Mr. H. had assumed a pastoral position over a church in Mr. Gardner's circuit without his invitation or consent, and was receiving compensation therefor that properly belonged to Mr. G., then he was acting wrong; but there is no church here of that denomination, and Mr. H. was not officiating as a pastor to a church, but only occasionally preaching to members of all churches and to many not members of any church. If Mr. H. was preaching occasionally within the bounds of Mr. G.'s circuit, without his consent or approval, and such a thing is interdiction by the General or Annual Conference, then he was acting wrong; but we have very good authority for saying that neither the General or the Annual Conferences inhibited one preacher from occasionally preaching in the bounds of the circuit of another, even without his consent, and we have Mr. H.'s statement made here last Sabbath to the effect that Mr. Gardner was not objecting to his (H.'s) preaching here, and opposed the action of the District Conference.

As no complaint comes from Mr. H.'s circuit about neglect of work there, and as Mr. G. is willing that Mr. H. preach here in his (G.'s) circuit occasionally, and opposed the resolutions prohibiting the same, and the citizens of Hartford, one and all, of every denomination or ism, are anxious to hear Mr. H. preach, then where the necessity of the passage of these resolutions; who is injured by the preaching of Mr. H.?

Will the Reverend gentlemen whose names appear at the foot of the resolutions give us one good, valid reason for voting as they did? Do they think the people of Hartford are so pure, good and upright that they are not in need of preaching? If so, they had better resolve that it is not necessary for Mr. G. to preach here longer. Do they think Rev. Mr. Humphrey unworthy to preach? Then prefer charges against him and expel him from the conference. Do they think the people of Hartford are beyond redemption, or the reach of the Gospel, and that such burning words of eloquence and soul-stirring appeals as are delivered by Mr. H. are as pearls cast before swine? And have they given us over to hardness of heart and reprobation of mind?

Then we quote the poet, who said:

"While the lamp holds out to burn  
The vilest sinner may return."

We also refer them to the scriptural injunction: "Judge not, lest ye be judged." Do they think Mr. H. is not a suitable man to preach to us? Then we say we prefer to judge of that matter ourselves.

Were they prompted to vote for the resolutions from any feeling of envy or jealousy, or was it from a pressure brought to bear by reason of a prejudice existing against Mr. H. by reason of some trouble between him and some of the members of No Creek church a year or so ago? Will the gentlemen please explain why they voted thus? Was it a blow at Mr. H., or the citizens of Hartford? We understand that Mr. H. was denied the privilege of explaining or being heard at all. The passing of the resolutions without any complaint being made by those who had a right to complain, and against the wishes of Mr. G., and without giving Mr. H. a hearing or a chance to explain, is a very strange indeed.

We know that there was some trouble between Mr. H. and the No Creek church, but we hope that no prejudice against him on that account was brought to bear upon the District Conference to secure the adoption of these resolutions.

We are not prepared, neither is it our province, to say who was right or wrong in that affair. The matter was taken up by the church authorities and was we presume fairly settled. We do not however know the result, nor does it make any difference, so far as the action of the District Conference is concerned, Mr. H. might have been in the wrong then, or he may not be all a man ought to be, but one thing is certain: his preaching here has been productive of good, more good we believe, than any preacher has accomplished here for a long time. Sinners old and young, lukewarm Christians that scarcely ever attended church, all alike have become interested and turn out regularly to hear him. His sermons are all practical, logical, sensible, and delivered in a very earnest, pleasing manner. Will some one please give us a good reason for the action of the District Conference? If they acted thus without good cause, and did it through envy or jealousy or prejudice, or to satisfy a feeling of hatred toward Mr. H., or the citizens of this town, then we have no words suitable to express our condemnation of such a course. We may be wrong, we may not have heard a true statement of the matter. If any of those gentlemen who voted for the resolutions desires to make a public explanation, or give a reason for their vote, we will not treat them as Mr. H. was treated, but give them a hearing through the columns of our paper.

## FROM BEAVER DAM.

BEAVER DAM, Ky., Nov. 2.

Tolerable cool thank you. Coon skins are nominal. Wheat prospects are more flattering. Tobacco is declining, and holders refuse to sell.

Irish potatoes are worth 60 cents per bushel. Green apples are selling for 50 cents per bushel.

Whisky is worth ten cents a drink, and three drinks kill a man.

A Hartford man rode through town the other day with a linen duster on.

2,222 lawsuits are said to have originated in this place during the past twelve months.

There is paid into the city fund something less than fifty dollars a day on dogs.

Colonel Doom is moving his bed from the front to the rear part of the hotel, to keep from being disturbed at night by Hartford whisky.

They have a new dining room at the Poyner House.

Tom Stevens has opened a hotel.

Miss Gibson has an interesting school.

We don't shake any more out here. Applications for admission to the Micawber school must be addressed to the president, George Cooper.

The fellow who got mad at something we said in our last letter, ought to read his bible more.

Our telegraph operator carries a mirror in his pocket.

The L. P. & S. W. R. R., has rented a large number of engines and coal cars from the L. & N. R. R., and an immense amount of coal is being shipped.

We'll get that \$7,500 lottery money in time for Christmas.

Weaver Barnes has the blues for a week, but is slowly recovering.

Mr. Wallace Gruelle was in town the other morning.

Harry Bridges was here last week selling the "Big Bonanza."

Coal is being delivered at 7½ cents per bushel.

The East-bound passenger train passed here at 5:05, a. m., instead of 3:45 a. m. as heretofore.

The funeral of Mr. Richard Stevens was preached at Liberty last Sunday by Rev. Gabriel Bean.

The storm last Friday night did no great damage in this vicinity, but disturbed the slumber of a few sinners who imagined the world was rapidly closing up.

Ben. Gray shipped a car load of fine cattle last night.

As there is some contention as to where the county jail shall be located, we propose to give the ground if they will locate it at this place.

There was quite a number of people in town yesterday.

## LETTER FROM DIXON.

DIXON, Ky., Oct. 30.  
EDITOR HERALD.—Inasmuch as Dixon has been adding to her population, by a corresponding decrease in yours, I thought it might be of some interest to your readers to let them hear from us.

The addition to our town alluded to above, are your former fellow citizens, Squire Maury and Prof. J. Ellis Haynes.

The Squire is actively engaged in his business, making stoves and selling hardware. He is doing a good business; in fact the Squire says he never did better. Our citizens are well pleased with him, and consider him a No. 1 acquisition.

Prof. J. Ellis Haynes has charge of the Dixon Academy. He began school with thirty-seven pupils, he now has seventy-seven, with the prospect of matriculating one hundred or more before the winter is over. The Prof. is just the right man in the right place. Dixon has needed just such a man for some time. He has entered into the amusements of the place with considerable zest. He has organized, and is now teaching a singing school, and from the progress his class has already made, we predict for it that it will become one of the first choirs in the State. He is a member in "good standing" of the Dixon Mite society, as well as of the Dixon Lyceum, an organization composed principally of the young lawyers of this place. We have known the Prof. for several years as the teacher of our County Institute; we expected a good teacher when we secured his services, and now have no hesitancy in saying that our expectations have been fully realized.

Dixon has a population of between 600 and 700 inhabitants—stores, groceries, blacksmith shops, &c., &c., in proportion. Our town has improved a good deal this last season, notwithstanding the hard times. Local Option reigns here supremely.

We have raised the finest crops of corn and tobacco ever before raised in the county. But enough for this letter.

STAC.

## FROM SPRING LICK.

SPRING LICK, Ky., Nov. 1.

We have had nothing to transpire in our little village for some time past to prevent us from pursuing the even tenor of our way.

One of our esteemed citizens has been dangerously ill for nearly a week, from a severe attack of congestion of the brain. The attending physician, Dr. R. L. Rains, is hopeful now that he will eventually recover from his illness.

The hoop-pole business at this point has again revived. We noticed several car loads were shipped last week, destined for Louisville.

While on the train last week, we had the good pleasure of taking our beloved friend Col. J. G. Ford by the paw and give it a cordial shake. We were glad to see the Colonel looking so handsome. It is not to be wondered at, when we say all the ladies at Grayson Springs last summer fell in love with him during his sojourn among them. On the same train we met Sheriff Midkiff, of Muhlenburg county, who had in his charge three criminals elected by the Muhlenburg Circuit Court on the charge of grand larceny.

The corn crop in this section is pretty well matured, and the farmers hereabouts are making arrangements preparatory for gathering the same.

Circuit Court convened at Leitchfield last Monday, with Judge James Stuart on the bench. Our efficient Circuit Court Clerk, Edwin Thomas, reports the docket for this term unusually large. The grand jury was in session all last week, and comparatively few indictments were made out since about twenty; a majority of which were found against parties engaged in the liquor traffic. Hon. E. D. Walker, of your city, has been in attendance since the opening of court. Mr. Walker is conceded by all to be the most formidable lawyer that practices at the Leitchfield bar. His speech last Friday in behalf of the Common-

wealth against Gray, for killing Nelson, at Grayson Spring, about one year ago, was a mammoth effort, and evinced a thorough and complete knowledge of all the legal points bearing upon the case.

We desire, through the column of the HERALD, to return many thanks to "Juno" for the use of his dictionary.

The reason we have to offer for not having written for some time past to the HERALD is, that we have been afflicted with a disease which we contracted from "Juno" at the Taylor reunion, and, which, according to Col. Ford's diagnosis, is termed amity. Excuse us, we forgot we were writing without a dictionary.

## LETTER FROM CROMWELL.

CROMWELL, Ky., Oct. 30.

People are getting along quite satisfactory now in Cromwell. There seems enough commercial enterprise here for a town of such population.

A small steamer bearing the name of Business put to land here last week with a burge of stoneware, I have not learned her success in trading.

It is thought that the blacksmith shops here are being patronized pretty largely from the almost constant "ding, dong," of the anvils.

Farmers in this neighborhood are about done sowing wheat and other small grain.

The school here was increased by eight new pupils last week.

Your reporter was in Greenville, Ky., last Saturday, and was told that the Circuit Court which had just adjourned there, had sentenced three male persons of Muhlenburg county to several years hard labor in the State prison. The parties were guilty of larceny.

Your Egyptian correspondent is "pitching into" American institutions at rather a desperate rate. His criticisms are captious and are calculated to make it pretty warm for him by-and-by. From his remarks on christianity it appears that he is Pagan or Mohammedan.

Mr. M. L. Ward of Morgantown, and deputy Sheriff of Butler county, called at my lodging on the night of the 24th and entertained me highly for some time with his conversation and company.

He gave me a brief, but interesting account of the canvass of last year for the county clerkship of Butler, where he made a lively race for that situation against Mr. Kelly, who out-rivalled him by only six votes.

Rev. Mr. Shelton, a member of the Methodist church, and residing at Bowling Green, preached to a small congregation in town last Sunday night.

## News from All Points.

The official returns of the Ohio election gives Hayes 5,549 majority.

The loss by the Virginia City, Nevada, fire is placed at \$8,000,000. A space of ground three-fourths of a mile long by one-half mile wide was burned. Great suffering will be the consequence. Several lives were lost.

Five of the assassins of the Rev. John L. Stephens, American Missionary to Mexico, have been hanged. The murder occurred at Ahualulco in March, 1870.

The crops of coffee and cocoa in Venezuela will be abundant.

The Democratic candidate for Mayor of Baltimore was elected by a majority of 2,731.

The Leader case is to be tried, and Mrs. Tilton is to testify—Let us have rest.

The skeleton of the great race horse Lexington is to be securely wired and sent to Washington City, where it will be placed in the Smithsonian Institute. This is the first instance where a race horse has received such honors; but the dead hero of racers deserves it.

The orange crop this year is abundant, and the probability is that this delicious fruit will be cheaper than it has been for several years, and growers intend shipping direct to agents in the East and West, and, thereby, do away with intermediate handling and unnecessary expense.

The Glasgow Times smells out another wonder, in the shape of a negro, whose face is ornamented with a full suit of whiskers. This woman lives in Hart county, and is the mother of one child.

A horse has just died in Fleming county aged forty years. Mr. T. R. Botts has owned him for thirty-seven years.

The small-pox still prevails in Covington.

Mrs. Kelly Crow of Nelson county, who died last week of congestive chills, weighed, at the time of her death, five hundred pounds.

The Georgetown Times says, hogs in Hardin county are dying of cholera.

The hog market in Nicholas county is active; sales have been made at \$6 40 @ 6 50.

Cattle in the vicinity of Bowling Green are dying of some disease unknown to the farmers.

Last week, at Hocketts town, New Jersey, John Ritter, in a fit of drunkenness, shot and killed his two children, aged five and seven years, and then attempted to kill himself by shooting in the head. His wife escaped with her life by fleeing the house.

## THE CROW HOUSE.

Opposite the Courthouse  
HARTFORD, KY.

JOHN S. VAUGHT, PROPRIETOR.  
Comfortable rooms, prompt attention, and low prices. The traveling public are respectfully invited to give us a share of patronage. Every exertion made to render guests comfortable.

## STAGE LINE.

Mr. Vaught will continue the stage twice a day between Hartford and Beaver Dam, morning and evening, connecting with all passenger trains on the L. P. & S. W. R. R. Passengers set down wherever they desire.

## CAPTAIN N. BEN. PECK,

—WITH—  
GARDNER & CO.,

WHOLESALE GROCERS,

Dealers in Tobaccos

And Com. Merchants,

No. 196, Main St. bet. Fifth & Sixth,  
LOUISVILLE, KY.

## HOUSE AND LOT FOR RENT.

I desire to rent my house and lot in the town of Hartford. Will make reasonable terms to a good tenant. For further information inquire of the undersigned, or John P. Barrett.

Judith A. Harrison.  
Hartford Ky., October 6th, 1875.

## SETH THOMAS CLOCKS.

If you want a good clock at a moderate price, send for our new illustrated price list of Seth Thomas clocks. Clocks securely packed and sent to any address at our risk on receipt of price and fifty cents additional for express charges. Money may be sent safely by registered letter or express.

C. P. BARNES & BRO.,  
Jewelry, Main st., bet. 6th & 7th, Louisville, Ky.

## FIRST New Goods

OF THE  
SEASON,

WM. H. WILLIAMS,  
HARTFORD, KY.

Takes pleasure in announcing to the citizens of Hartford and Ohio county that he is

Receiving Daily,  
THE LATEST NOVELTIES

IN  
DRY GOODS,

Gents' and Boys' Clothing,

Hats, Caps,  
BOOTS & SHOES,

Hardware, Queensware.

Staple and  
FANCY GROCERIES,

Also dealer in  
Leaf Tobacco,

I will sell very low for cash, or exchange for all kinds of country produce. My motto is "Quick sales and small profits." nol ly

## MASTER COMMISSIONER'S NOTICE.

James H. Taylor's Adm'r., plff., vs. Equity. Against James H. Taylor's heirs, dfts. All persons having claims against the estate of James H. Taylor, deceased, are requested to produce the same, properly proven to the undersigned, Master Commissioner of the Ohio Circuit Court, at his office in Hartford, Ky., on or before the 15th day of October next, or they will be forever barred.

E. R. MURRELL, M.C.C.C.  
July 14, 1875.

## MENDEL & KAHN,

CROMWELL, KY.

Wholesale and retail dealers in

Staple & Fancy Dry Goods,

GROCERIES,

CLOTHING,

Boots & Shoes,

And everything usually kept in well-regulated mercantile establishments. They buy their goods for CASH and get them at BOTTOM PRICES, hence they are enabled, by doing an

EXCLUSIVELY CASH

business, to undersell any house in Ohio county

M. & K. will take this occasion to notify the farmers of Ohio and Butler counties, that they are large and constant buyers of

COUNTRY PRODUCE.

of all descriptions, for which they pay the very highest market prices. They also do the largest

TOBACCO

purchasing business in the county, always paying higher prices IN CASH, than anybody else. They ask a share of public patronage.

WM. H. BARRETT, A. T. SALL,  
HARDWICK & NALL,  
DEALERS IN

DRY GOODS, GREEN CASH, HATS, CAPS, BOOTS, SHOES, HARDWARE, QUEENWARE, &c.

Which we will sell for cash, or exchange for country produce, paying the highest market price. nol ly

## NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

HARTFORD MALE

AND  
FEMALE SEMINARY.

—(2)—

The next Session of this Institution will commence on the  
First Monday in September, 1875,  
and continue Twenty-two Weeks, under the charge of

MALCOLM MCINTYRE, A. B.,  
aided by competent Assistants. One-half of the tuition fee will be due at the middle of the session, and the other half at the close.

TERMS PER SESSION:  
Primary . . . \$10.00 Higher English, \$20.00  
Junior . . . 15.00 Latin & Greek, 25.00  
Incidental fee, to be paid in advance, \$1.

Special attention paid to fitting boys for College. Board can be obtained at from \$2.50 to \$3.00 a week. For further information, apply to the Principal, or to the undersigned.

833-1w SAM. E. HILL, Trustee.

## STAVES.

500,000

WHITE OAK STAVES AND HEADING

wanted. For further information address  
DORSEY, HENRY & CO.,  
14 and Delaware,  
Louisville, Ky.

Reference:—Jno. P. Barrett, J. W. Lewis,  
Hartford, Ky.

## RUFER'S HOTEL

AND  
Restaurant.

(EUROPEAN PLAN.)  
OPEN DAY AND NIGHT.

ROOMS AT ONE DOLLAR A DAY

Fifth St. bet. Main and Market,  
LOUISVILLE, KY.

PHIL. T. GERMAN,  
AMERICUS WEBER, } Proprietors.  
335-3m

## JUST FROM THE EAST!

E. SMALL

with his mammoth stock of Fall and Winter goods, consisting in part of

DRY GOODS

Men & Boys Clothing!

BOOTS, SHOES, HATS, CAPS, BLANKETS,  
COMFORTS, and LADIES' FURS.

Also the largest assortment of

FINE DRESS GOODS

Ever brought to this market, all of which he offers at lower prices than ever before.

Millinery Goods!

of every description are always kept on hand.

N. B.—The very highest market price will be paid for feathers, hides, dried fruit, furs &c.

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INDIANAPOLIS SUN.

The leading INDEPENDENT REFORM WEEKLY political newspaper in the United States; the special advocate of the interests of Labor against Combined Capital; Legal Tender Paper Money as against Bank Issues and the Gold Basis of Finance; and the interchangeable Currency Bond as against the High Gold Interest Bond.

The SUN has a corps of able correspondents among the clearest and most profound thinkers of the country.

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UNDERTAKERS.

HARTFORD, KY.



# THE HERALD.

IS PUBLISHED  
EVERY WEDNESDAY MORNING,  
IN THE TOWN OF  
HARTFORD, OHIO COUNTY, KENTUCKY,  
—BY—  
JOHN P. BARRETT & CO.,  
AT THE PRICE OF  
Two Dollars a Year in Advance.

Job work of every description done with  
neatness and dispatch, at city prices. We have  
a full line of job types, and solicit the patronage  
of the business community.

The postage on every copy of THE HERALD is  
prepaid at this office.

Our terms of subscription are \$2.00 per year,  
invariably in advance.

Should the paper exceed publication, from  
any cause, during the year, we will refund the  
money due on subscription, or furnish subscribers  
with the unexpired term with any paper of the  
same price they may select.

Advertisements of business men are solicited;  
except those of saloons, keepers and dealers in  
intoxicating liquors, which we will not admit to our  
columns under any circumstances.

All communications and contributions for pub-  
lication must be addressed to the Editor.  
Communications in regard to advertising and job  
work must be addressed to the Publishers.

## COUNTY DIRECTORY.

### CIRCUIT COURT.

Hon. James Stuart, Judge, of Owensboro.  
Hon. Jas. Haycraft, Attorney, Elizabethtown.  
A. L. Mott, Clerk, Hartford.  
K. R. Murrell, Master Commissioner, Hartford.  
T. J. Smith, Sheriff, Hartford.  
E. L. Wise, Jailor, Hartford.

Court begins on the second Mondays in May  
and November, and continues four weeks each  
term.

### COUNTY COURT.

Hon. W. F. Gregory, Judge, Hartford.  
Capt. Sam. K. Cox, Clerk, Hartford.  
J. P. Sanderfer, Attorney, Hartford.  
Court begins on the first Monday in every  
month.

### QUARTERLY COURT.

Begin on the 2d Mondays in January, April,  
July and October.

### COURT OF CLAIMS.

Begin on the first Mondays in October and  
January.

### OTHER COUNTY OFFICERS.

J. J. Leach, Assessor, Cromwell.  
G. Smith Fitzhugh, Surveyor, Sulphur Springs.  
Thos. H. Boswell, Coroner, Sulphur Springs.  
W. L. Rowe, School Commissioner, Hartford.

### MAGISTRATES' COURTS.

Caneys District, No. 1.—P. H. Alford, Justice,  
held March 5, June 17, September 4, December  
18. K. F. Tilford, Justice, held March 18, June  
4, September 18, December 4.

Cool Springs District, No. 2.—A. N. Brown,  
Justice, held March 2, June 15, September 2,  
December 16. D. J. Wilcox, Justice, held  
March 15, June 2, September 16, December 2.  
Centerville District, No. 3.—W. F. Reader,  
Justice, held March 31, June 14, September 20,  
December 15. T. S. Bennett, Justice, held  
March 16, June 29, September 13, December 20.

Belle Stone District, No. 4.—Benj. Newton,  
Justice, held March 11, June 23, September 11,  
December 27. S. Woodward, Justice, held March 21,  
June 18, September 25, December 11.

Forbesville District, No. 5.—C. W. Cobb,  
Justice, held March 8, June 19, September 8, Decem-  
ber 22. J. L. Burton, Justice, held March 20, June  
7, September 22, December 8.

Ellis District, No. 6.—C. S. McElroy, March  
9, June 21, September 9, December 23. Jas.  
Miller, Justice, held March 22, June 5, September  
23, December 9.

Hartford District, No. 7.—Jno. P. Cooper,  
Justice, held March 13, June 25, September 14, De-  
cember 29. A. B. Bennett, Justice, held March 25,  
June 11, September 27, December 13.

Cromwell District, No. 8.—Samuel Austin,  
Justice, held March 27, June 16, September 29, De-  
cember 17. Melvin Taylor, Justice, held March 17,  
June 24, September 17, December 31.

Hartford District, No. 9.—Thomas L. Allen,  
Justice, held March 12, June 24, September 13, De-  
cember 26. Jno. M. Leach, Justice, held March 26,  
June 12, September 25, December 14.

Sulphur Springs District, No. 10.—R. G.  
Wooling, Justice, held March 19, June 3, September  
21, December 7. Jas. A. Bennett, Justice, held  
March 6, June 18, September 7, December 21.

Bartlett District, No. 11.—W. H. Cummins,  
Justice, held March 16, June 22, September 10, De-  
cember 24. J. S. Yates, Justice, held March 23,  
June 9, September 24, December 10.

### POLICE COURTS.

Hartford.—F. P. Morgan, Judge, second Mon-  
days in January, April, July and October.  
Beaver Dam.—E. W. Cooper, Judge, first  
Saturday in January, April, July and October.

Cromwell.—A. P. Montague, Judge, first  
Tuesday in January, April, July and October.  
Caneys.—W. D. Barnard, Judge, last Sat-  
urday in March, June, September and Decem-  
ber.

### WEDNESDAY, NOV. 3, 1875.

W. R. BONNETT, LOCAL EDITOR.

### Particular Notice.

All persons indebted to this office, will  
please call and pay up, as we are in urgent  
need of some money. We cannot run a  
newspaper without money, and hence we  
are under the necessity of collecting as  
fast as amounts fall due.

### Special Notice

We have erased from our subscrip-  
tion list the names of all subscribers  
whose time has expired. We hope  
they will all renew.

We will send THE HERALD from now  
until the 1st of January next to any  
address for 25 cents.

Address, enclosing the money, with  
name, post-office address, county and  
State, legibly written.

JNO. P. BARRETT & CO., PUBLISHERS,  
Hartford, Ky.

### A Splendid Investment.

We will send the Farmers' Home  
Journal, price \$2.00 per year, and THE  
HARTFORD HERALD, price \$2.00 per  
year, to the same address for the small  
sum of \$3.00 per year. Send on the  
money and get both papers.

We are now prepared to furnish of-  
ficers with all kinds of blanks, and at  
prices as low as you can buy them in  
the cities.

Postings and tapers now.

### Blustery last week.

Miss Carrie Jarboe had a congestive  
chill one day last week.

Wanted—To know who that mid-  
night barker belongs to.

Don't forget the Good Templars con-  
vention.

Counterfeit money is circulating in  
Evansville, Indiana.

Another big show is billed for Ow-  
ensboro, Monday, November 8.

Forty thousand drummers (more or  
less), were in town last week.

We were pleased to meet upon the  
streets last Friday, our young friend  
Harry Bridges.

The present tobacco crop is thought  
to be about five times as great as that  
of last year.

### Grocery for Sale.

Having gone into the hotel business,  
I desire to sell my stock of Groceries  
and rent my store house. I will sell  
on reasonable terms. My stand is the  
very best in Hartford. L. J. Lyon.

The death of W. D. Vertrees is an-  
nounced in the Elizabethtown News.  
He died at his brother's near Rocky Hill.

The last session of the Davies  
County Court ordered that a new bell  
should be purchased for the court-  
house, and that the roof and fence  
should be painted.

The Examiner says the tobacco crop  
of Davies county is estimated at  
6,000,000 or 7,000,000 pounds, and  
the quality nearly up to the average.

Our young friends Jerry Williams  
and Clarence Hardwick are awful on  
turkeys. They killed three fine gob-  
blers Saturday last.

Some one ought to start a sausage  
factory here, there are dogs enough to  
supply it for 18 years, and not ex-  
haust the stock.

Mr. E. L. Wise received a severe  
cut on one of his hands Saturday eve-  
ning, while playing with John Col-  
lins. It was accidental.

Miss Alice Leach, of Cave City, ar-  
rived in this place Wednesday evening  
last, and is visiting her sister, Mrs.  
L. J. Lyon.

We were visited by a heavy storm  
last Friday night. It blew down lots  
of fencing and timber in this county.  
We have not learned of the entire dam-  
age it did.

Of course times are hard and money  
is scarce; that's the reason people go  
to Tracy & Son to get their money's  
worth.

Mr. Ed. Bennett and lady arrived  
in this city Monday night. Mr. Ben-  
nett brought more workmen with him,  
and the work on the jail is in full  
blast.

Dr. W. J. Berry returned from a  
business trip to Louisville last Satur-  
day. The Dr. is one of our coal kings,  
and works vigorously for the interest  
of the company.

Mr. W. C. Chapman, of this place,  
has some of the finest gourds we have  
ever seen. He has one that measures  
four feet one inch and a half in cir-  
cumference. We think he carries off  
the laurels on gourds.

Capt. Sam K. Cox and Dr. W. J.  
Berry left for Russellville last Mon-  
day, as witness in behalf of the Com-  
monwealth against Cal. Ramsey for  
the murder of a young man by the  
name of Cornelius, in Logan county,  
more than a year ago.

Some time ago two men living at  
Pincheco, a small village on the Crom-  
well road, had a slight misunderstanding,  
and we heard passed a few licks,  
which caused outside parties to take  
sides, and creating a sensation in that  
vicinity. It is reported that danger-  
ous threats have been made on both  
sides.

They were beautiful maidens—one  
held the lantern while the other grace-  
fully tossed cudgels at the choice Pip-  
pins. We chanced to pass that way,  
and the rosy tint that was upon their  
cheeks are imprinted upon memory's  
tablet. They were beauties to behold;  
but we passed the angelic creatures in  
silence.

The HARTFORD HERALD, of Oct.  
20, was one of the neatest little papers  
that ever came to our office.—Owens-  
boro Examiner.

Thanks, Examiner, for your com-  
pliment. The high appreciation we  
entertain for our neighbor compels us  
to say in return, that the Examiner is  
not only a neat, but one of the news-  
est exchanges we receive, and we  
await its arrival with almost as much  
desire as we would for some dear  
friend.

Mr. L. Barrett, for some time a  
typo on the Herald, severed his con-  
nection with this office Monday, and is en-  
gaged in his old business again—col-  
lecting the tax due the Sheriff. He  
is a jolly, good fellow, and may his  
shadow never grow less.

We have received several letters  
this week which do not appear, owing  
to the paper being nearly up before  
receiving them. Such as we can use  
will appear next issue. We would be  
glad if our correspondents would send  
in their favors on Saturday, so that we  
will know what to depend upon, as we  
can not hold open our columns for them.

There came near being a fire at the  
Crow House, last Thursday morning,  
caused by the joint of pipe that enters  
the flue nearest the garret working  
down and the sparks catching to the  
shingles. It was getting a good start  
when it was discovered, but by the  
promptness of some of our citizens, it  
was extinguished before doing any  
damage.

We were premature in announcing  
last week that Mrs. Gruelle would take  
up school last Monday. We under-  
stand now that it is doubtful whether  
she will teach at all or not, as she can-  
not get as many scholars as would jus-  
tify her opening a school, as proposed,  
without taking scholars from the  
school already in progress, and that  
she will not do.

Mr. W. T. King, of this place, has  
invented a hand-printing machine, in  
which he shows considerable ingenuity.  
It is worked with a hinge, having  
the timpan on the lower board while  
the impression is made by the top  
piece, which is brought over and hits  
squarely on the type. It makes about  
four or five hundred impressions an  
hour. Mr. King is U. S. Collector,  
and has invented this machine so as to  
avoid a great deal of writing.

The Grayson County Herald was  
purchased last week by Smithers &  
Baker, and it now appears as the  
Grayson Journal. They do away with  
the "patent" system, and print a home  
paper. We are glad to see the change,  
and hope that all country papers will  
soon see their mistake in using them,  
and fall back on the old way. Mr.  
Ben. S. Robins is its editor, and pre-  
sents his readers with a new little  
sheet. Our best wishes are for the  
prosperity of the Journal.

A Hartford Enterprise.

Col. O. P. Johnson, one of our  
most enterprising citizens, has erected  
one of the finest weaving machines in  
the Green River country. Mr. John-  
son has three looms, one for weaving  
plain liney, one for four leaf and the  
other for five leaf jeans. It is situated  
on Rough creek, in the upper end of  
town, and is run by water power. The  
looms weave ninety yards a day—  
thirty yards to each loom. Its run-  
ning gear is of the best brand, and the  
whole concern is indeed a credit to the  
proprietor.

In addition to the above, Mr. John-  
son has just completed one of the best  
fencing mills on Rough creek—run-  
ning three sets of stones, and at a cost  
not less than ten thousand dollars.  
The Colonel is a valuable and enter-  
prising citizen, and the prosperity of  
Hartford would be much greater if we  
had more just such men.

Miss Jennie Eskridge, one of Har-  
dinsburgh's most fascinating and beau-  
tiful young ladies, who has been visit-  
ing our little town for several months,  
left for home last Friday morning.  
Her host of friends will be sorry to hear  
of her departure. She has, by her  
sweet disposition and lady-like man-  
ners, won the love and admiration of  
all. Always a sweet smile and a  
pleasant good-morning for every one.  
A cloud of sadness has fallen upon the  
community, and especially upon the  
young men. There is a common wish  
that her stay may be short, and that  
we soon shall welcome her again. But  
our friend Jennie has gone. We were  
forced to utter those painful words,  
"Farewell, farewell, kind friend."

G. B. W.

### Transfers of Real Estate.

The following transfers of real estate  
have been lodged for record since our last  
report, viz:

Dr. Wm. J. Berry to Mrs. S. A. M.  
Berry, 11 1/2 acres near Beaver Dam, \$1,  
200.

Q. C. Shanks to John W. York, 50  
acres on Elm Lick, 300 bushels corn.  
Wm. M. Peay to Allen Gentry, 60 acres  
on Slaty creek, \$800.

Henry Tiehenor to Harriet F. Tiehe-  
nor, 19 acres on Rough creek, deed of par-  
tition.

Thos. J. Smith, Sheriff, to Wm. F. Ac-  
ton, 50 acres on Hall's creek, \$125 73.

### Marriage Licenses.

The following is a list of the marriage  
licenses issued since our last report:

Fletcher Pearce and Miss Farleigh  
Ford.

C. H. B. Coleman and Miss Rachel C.  
Yonts.

Caney Sparks, the man who tried  
to commit an outrageous crime upon  
some school girls in the Sulphur  
Springs neighborhood, of which we  
made mention last week, was tried at  
the Springs Monday, and was fined the  
nice little sum of \$81. The young  
ladies are of the best families in the  
neighborhood, and Miss Robinson  
gave in her evidence with tears in her  
eyes. Miss Beau was iron-nerved,  
and stated plainly to the court what  
this villain had proposed to them. He  
was given until one o'clock yesterday  
to raise the money to pay his fine,  
which, if he failed to do, would be  
placed in the county jail at this place.  
Sparks is a married man, and we learned  
resides in the northern portion of  
Davies county. He was traveling  
through this county when he tried to  
commit this outrage, meeting these  
young ladies on the road on their way  
home from school.

### Another Change.

Mr. L. J. Lyon has recently rented  
and is now fitting up the Hartford  
House in the grandest style of any ho-  
tel in the Green River country. Mr.  
Lyon has had several years experience  
in the hotel business, and knows just  
how to do the thing satisfactory to all.  
The hotel he now occupies is situated  
in the business portion of the town, and  
commercial men will find it to their  
advantage to stop with him when visit-  
ing this place, as he can furnish them  
with large and comfortable rooms in  
which to display their samples. The  
house is a three-story building, and  
has the capacity to comfortably lodge  
quite a number of guests. The best  
of servants are in his employ, and  
will always be found ready to attend  
to the wants of travelers. Mrs. Lyon  
is indeed a model landlady, and will  
see that all the dainties and substan-  
tials the market affords are spread  
upon her table. We bespeak for Mr.  
Lyon a success in the hotel business.  
His advertisement will appear next  
week.

Monday morning a young couple  
from Muhlenburg county, applied at  
the clerk's office, in this place for  
marriage license. The clerk believing  
that they were intending to be unlaw-  
fully married, proceeded to interrogate  
them. He asked the young girl if she  
was twenty-one years of age, she re-  
plied that she was. Friend Murrell  
didn't believe her, and told her what  
the consequences would be if she swore  
an untruthful statement—that she  
would be indicted by the grand jury,  
and sentenced to twelve months' im-  
prisonment in the State penitentiary.  
He then asked her, knowing the pen-  
alty, if she was still willing to swear  
that she was of age, but she said nothing,  
thoroughly convincing the clerk that  
she was not. He then propounded the  
usual question to the young man,  
who said this was his second marriage.  
Mr. Murrell then asked him if he had  
a divorce, he said he had. He was  
then asked how long since, and where  
he got it. He said it had been about  
three weeks, and he procured it at  
Greenville. The clerk knowing that  
Circuit Court was not in session at that  
time, informed him that he did not be-  
lieve a word that he had spoken, and  
further told him that he would not is-  
sue license to him. Nathaniel C. Har-  
per and Miss Elizabeth F. Vincent  
were their names.

### A Remarkable Woman.

"Aunt Frankie Flowers" is this re-  
markable character, and is known al-  
over the Green River Country, either  
personally or by reputation. She  
married quite young, and by some  
misfortune, her husband received in-  
juries shortly after their marriage which  
has rendered him a cripple to this day,  
consequently the managing of the  
farm devolves upon her. During the  
farming season she plows, hoes, mows  
the meadow, sees after the harvesting  
of the grain, feeds the stock, attends  
to the wants of the house, milks the  
cows and even does the marketing.  
Last Wednesday evening she came to  
this place with a wagon of grist to  
have ground, but arrived too late in  
the evening to receive her grinding  
that day. The night being warm, she  
spread her quilt and camped at the  
mill as quite a number of men do.  
Early Thursday morning she came up  
in town to do some shopping, and seemed  
to be the center of attraction, as well  
as a curiosity, to a great many of the  
younger ones. She did her necessary  
trading and started for home, but her  
eccentric ways caused the crowd to  
watch her until she was hidden from  
their sight. She left in high spirits,  
saying that she must go to her old  
man, as he would soon be wanting his  
mush.

### For a First-Class Suit.

Go to a first-class house.—J. Winter  
& Co., Louisville, manufacture their  
own clothing, warrant it to be of a su-  
perior quality, and sell at a lower price  
than any house in the city.

### County Convention of Good Tem- plars.

On Tuesday and Wednesday of next  
week, the good templars of Ohio coun-  
ty will meet in convention with the  
Lodge at Hamilton Station, on the L.,  
P. and S. W. R. R. All the Lodges  
in the county have been notified of the  
event, and it is hoped that all of them  
will send delegations. Ample prepa-  
rations have been made to receive and  
entertain all who may attend. The  
Lodge at Hamilton is, we believe, the  
largest and most active Lodge in the  
county. They propose to make the  
delegates to the convention feel that  
it was good for them to have been  
there. Next Saturday night, prelimi-  
nary to the meeting of the convention,  
a public address will be delivered at  
Hamilton by Wallace Gruelle, P. G.  
W. C. T. of the order in the State,  
and during the session other public ad-  
dresses will be delivered by Geo. W.  
Bain, G. W. C. Let there be a good  
turnout of Good Templars on this oc-  
casion, and right then and there let a  
revival of the good work in our county  
begin and spread to its utmost borders.

### His Time Was Precious.

He came from the direction in which  
Sol's bright rays are seen in the morn-  
ing. His horse was covered with  
foam, and he listened not to the en-  
quiries made as he passed many won-  
dering people. Such as "say, stranger,  
what's the matter?" One would have  
supposed from his speed that he had a  
hundred mile journey before him, and  
but a few minutes to make it in. He  
carried his hat in one hand and a  
hickory-withe in the other, the latter  
of which he applied pretty freely.  
His main aim was to reach his destina-  
tion on time, let the consequences be  
what they may. His horse was puff-  
ing and blowing like an engine on a  
greased track, but he did not care for  
that. He was thought by some to be  
a desperado, fleeing from the peace of  
ficers, while others whispered, "he's  
a lunatic." He came dashing down  
Main street and halted in front of a  
millinery establishment. He threw  
the reins over a hitching-post, and  
dashed into the house. As he pulled  
a slip of paper from his vest pocket  
containing the following named arti-  
cles, he exclaimed:

"Want seven yards pink ribbon, three  
lace collars, a paper of pins, two boxes  
hair-pins, three red hair-brands, one big  
box whitening, three tuck combs, three  
pair slippers and four pounds of cotton  
padding!"

The astonished proprietor asked the  
cause of his great haste, when he an-  
swered:

"There's going to be a shindig at  
neighbor Jones' to-night, and the gals  
want the fixens for the 'casion, and  
while I go to the drug store and get  
some 'fumery, you do up these things  
so I can be off."

The "old man" was to meet him at  
a half way house with a fresh horse, so  
as to be on time with these trinkets  
and avoid all disappointment to the  
girls.

### LETTER FROM AN EGYPTIAN.

MILLWOOD, Oct. 1st 1875.

FRIEND MEHEMIT—In my last  
I referred to the fawning sycophancy  
of the higher classes of Americans to  
any of the titled or royal personages  
of the old countries, that chance to visit  
this country. This is indeed too true  
of the aristocracy, but the middle and  
lower orders are altogether free from  
this degrading servility. Among the  
latter classes, the true, genuine love of  
liberty that animated their fathers to  
hurl in the dust the power of England  
in the year 1776, burns as purely as it  
did in the hearts of the ones who nobly  
bled and died to gain that liberty which  
their sons so highly prize. In fact,  
only for those orders of society, liberty  
would be an empty sound indeed. But  
they are strong, and have the power to  
keep down the aristocratic aspirations  
for titles, that it would seem, is the  
natural consequence of wealth. Why,  
men have been pointed out to me in  
the city of New York driving around  
in their handsome equipages, with liv-  
eried coachmen and footmen, who only  
a few years ago, were comparatively  
poor men; but, perhaps, a lucky invest-  
ment in coal oil, or some other specu-  
lation, had suddenly given them con-  
trol of vast wealth, which elevating  
them above the class they were wont  
to associate with, gave them ideas of  
nobility which would be almost sure  
to break out in liveried servants and bla-  
zoned crests, in imitation of the nobil-  
ity of the old countries. But the dread  
of the common people keep them with-  
in bounds, and it is not very likely  
they will get any further than grand  
coats of arms and high aristocratic no-  
tions for a long time to come.

Kentucky is famous for hospitality.  
In no other part of the world have I  
ever come across a people who possess  
this virtue to such an extent. The  
stranger is treated like a brother; al-  
though I am told that this State, some

## SAVE YOUR EYES.

### OUR PEBBLE SPECTACLES

And Eye Glasses are the best for failing sight. Cut and polished from the "Real Stone," they are perfectly transparent (will cut glass like a diamond). Being harder than the glass, they receive a finer polish and always retain it. One pair carefully suited to your eyes will last as long as five pairs of the best glass, besides preserving the sight almost unimpaired all that time. By our new system for testing the sight, we are enabled to suit any eye so accurately that no injurious efforts will follow. We repair Spectacles and Eye Glasses, and insert Pebbles or the best Glass Lenses in old frames. Our Bi-Focal Spectacles are for old people who require spectacles to see far off as well as near by only one pair being required. To persons who cannot call on us we send our new illustrated Price List which shows how to order.

C. P. BARNES & BRO., Opticians,  
Main st., be. Sixth and Seventh (Louisville Hotel Block), Louisville, Ky.

twenty years ago, was the hot bed of Know-nothingism. Those Know-nothings, whose war cry was "Death to all foreigners" and "America for Americans," was foolishly opposed to foreigners settling in their country, as they choose to call it. While the excitement of party was at its height, violence and lawlessness was the order of the day, and a great many innocent foreigners were massacred or suffered greatly in loss of property by the infuriated mob. This organization has entirely disappeared—killed by the disease it had contracted in its earliest infancy. Men are now ashamed to say they ever belonged to such a disreputable society, and none but a few old fogies cling to the ruins of a fabric that was truly a disgrace to the hospitable, proud old State of Kentucky.

The number of professional men—that is lawyers, doctors, and others of the nonproducing class—who have sprung into existence is astonishing. In one little town, with a population of about one hundred, there are fifteen lawyers and six doctors, along with a host of others that live by their wits.

This is a great tax on the workers, or producing class, who are bound to support this host of drones. Out of those fifteen lawyers, about six are kept employed, the other nine idling away their time to the disgust of their more industrious neighbors. But the idea has taken possession of their brains that there is more honor in having "Attorney at Law" prefixed to their names, even if the same be an empty, profitless title, than "pitching in" like men and giving the world a fair equivalent for the living that it deigns to bestow upon them. But they imagine this would be beneath their dignity, and look upon the ones who till the soil, or dig the mine, with ineffable contempt. Contrasting their own soft white hands with the bronzed horny hands of the laborer, they say, "Such fools to delve and dig their lives away, when a little smattering of law would deliver them from all the evils of having to toil for a living." I don't mean to run down professional men, for good professional men are an advantage to society, but I want you to understand that those professions are overcrowded by some that have mistaken their calling; not one in every ten being by nature or education fitted for the position to which they aspire, and who imagin-  
ing it a disgrace to work, turn their at-  
tention to a profession that nature never intended them for.

You shall hear from me soon again; until then, may Allah preserve you.

ALI BEN HAMAD.

Where did I get my new Overcoat? Why, at J. Winter & Co., Louisville; is it not a splendid coat? and I got it cheap too! When you want anything in the clothing line, there is the place to go.

### MARRIED.

In Sumner county, Tenn., October 23, 1875, by Esquire M. Cummings, Mr. Bruno Frey and Miss Vashli E. Bryant, both of this county.

We wish the young couple a long life and an unclouded sky to its close. May the streams of joy be ample to dispel the drops of sorrow that may occasionally fall.

Wm. P. Tracy & Son,  
Wagon Makers  
AND  
POW STOCKERS.

We do not like to blow our own trumpet so we have engaged our printer to do it for us. The likeness is strikingly, if not entirely accurate. It will be noticed that he is blowing very hard, so much so that the photographer became alarmed for his personal safety, fearing that the printer might burst asunder and demolish everything within range, but the printer assured him that he could not blow on Tracy & Son's work too hard. They could stand a great deal of wind, and in that he was right. If our work will not bear examination we would not want it talked about.

HENRY D. MCENRY, RAY E. HILL,  
McENRY & HILL,  
ATTORNEYS & COUNSELLORS AT LAW  
HARTFORD, KY.

Will practice in Ohio and adjoining counties and in the Court of Appeals of Kentucky.  
not ly.

F. P. MORGAN,  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
HARTFORD, KY.

(Office west of courthouse over Hardwick & Nall's store.)  
Will practice in inferior and superior courts of this commonwealth.  
Special attention given to cases in bankruptcy.  
F. P. Morgan is also examiner, and will take depositions correctly—will be ready to oblige all parties at all times.



# THE HERALD.



## AGRICULTURAL.

### How to Make Boys Hate Farming.

A farmer wrote to a member of the New York Farmers' club, requesting him, if possible, to find for him a boy who is honest, truthful, not lazy, and who will be likely to love farming. He wanted a boy to pick up stones, churn, milk the cows, turn grindstone, etc., and one also that will not hate farming and run away every chance he gets. The chairman handed it over to Sereno Edwards Todd to answer who replied as follows:

If a boy is justified in running away, most assuredly he would be when he is directed to go alone to perform a job every faithful laborer hates. If you wish to keep a boy on the farm never set him alone, when the birds are singing, the squirrels are chattering and the violets are unfolding their charming petals, at picking up stones in a large field. The truth is, those little arms and soft muscles are no more suitable for handling stones than the muscles of a young colt are for drawing a subsoil plow. If you wish to make a boy like farming, don't keep him turning a big grindstone at noon when all the men but the one that is grinding are lying in the shade, and don't bear on with all your might so hard as to stick him, and then ridicule him tauntingly, telling him he must eat more pudding and milk before he can turn a grindstone like a man. Perchance that he weighs only fifty pounds. You weigh 150, and the grindstone 150. Now then, suppose we let you turn a huge stone of 450 pounds while a giant of 450 pounds weight bears on, which is a fair proportion between you and the boy. Before the giant has applied half his weight, if we don't see you balk square from the mark, and crack, if you don't break the third commandment and assume a pugnacious attitude, then write me a false prognosticator. Unless you want to make a good boy hate farming and every employment connected with it, don't manage in such an underhand manner that he will have to milk the cow which every one dislikes to milk because she is so hard. When the boy comes in at night so tired that he would rather lie down on the hard side of a maple plank than to eat his supper, don't tell him to hurry up and eat his supper so as to do that churning, when all the men and older boys are allowed to read the newspapers or smoke unmolested. If you wish to induce a boy to think that Indian corn and potatoes are profitable crops, don't give him an old rusty hoe that no sensible man would use, and then tell him if he will cut in smart when hoeing that you will help him keep his row up even with the rest. If you do not want a boy to hate the country, when a task is assigned to him, don't pile on so much as to compel him to summon all his energies for three-fourths of the day to complete it, and then, as soon as the job is done, tell him he will have to go to mill or the cook can make no bread for the next day. If you don't want to make a boy hate all the operations of a farm, don't tell him while all the men are taking their "nooning" in harvest time to water the cows and horses, and to hurry up so as to go with the men when they are ready to return to the field. Don't encourage the boy to rear a nice calf or colt and tell him the animal shall be his when grown up, and then sell the beast for a good price, pocket the money, and tell the boy the price received don't pay for the hay, oats, and grass consumed. If you want to make an energetic and successful farmer of a boy, don't encourage him to rise before daylight so as to rake the wheat stubble while the dew is on, telling him he shall have half the gleanings, and then sell his part of the grain with the crop, and tell him, when he enquires about his share of the money, that the little sum received will not pay for half of his board next winter. Don't badger a good boy to the verge of desperation with the mischievous and obnoxious "go boys" system of management. If you want to make him like farming operations, don't fret every ambitious desire out of the young aspirant, with the repulsive and incessant ding dong of

Jim do this and Jim do that. When all Jim gets is an old straw hat. There is no precept and no reasoning that will induce boys to stick to the farm like the cheering words "Come boys," always accompanied by an irreproachable example in leading the way, strange as it may seem to some, boys are human.—Working Farmer.

### Soil Inexhaustible.

We read and hear a great deal about the inexhaustible fertility of the soil, that the idea of exhausting the fertile prairies of the West it too much like trying to dry the ocean with a spoon etc. This doctrine may do very well for visionary theorists to teach, but the actual facts stand out in too bold relief to justify any such groundless assumption. The old system of selling everything off the land for other people to convert to their own use, has brought State after State into comparative impoverishment, till the evil is spreading to what was once called "the West," for it appears that Ohio is already going down hill at a rapid rate, and other States of the West and South-west are following in the same track. What else can be expected of a system which exports everything from which is made the strongest and most enduring manures?

The soil of Illinois and other Western States, it is true, is deep and rich, but it is not all on top or near enough the surface to be available to crops; and we already hear from the most reliable sources that the soil of Illinois is giving out most unmistakably; and unless the system that now prevails is changed—the time is rapidly approaching when the lands in that State will also be obliged to succumb to its exhausting effect. It does not require the mental ability of a soothsayer or of a scientist to know that manure must be applied to maintain the fertility of any soil; otherwise continual cropping will soon run it down, despite all the thorough cultivation and deep tillage of a thousand theorists. Nor do we need any other constructor than the common law of nature to teach us that to take away anything from something lessens the amount, quantity, capacity, force, or any other property of the latter. Just so with the soil. It is no matter if its fertility is so great as to produce one hundred bushels of shelled corn to the acre, and its productive powers are reduced only the one hundredth part in as many years, its complete exhaustion would only be a question of time at last.

The American farmer grows corn year after year, and it is sent to England, where it is converted into beef, mutton or pork for market, in doing which the farmers of England make such vast quantities of rich manure that by its application to the land the yield frequently doubles the rent, while the American farmer in cultivating his own land so weakens its production by not consuming his produce at home that it ceases to return him fair average crops—a fact which will be sorely felt by posterity.

### The Higher Aim in Farming.

The higher aim of every intelligent tiller of the soil, should be the improvement of the productiveness of his land, until it reaches the point where maximum crops are produced at the least expense. Wise husbandry regards the farm simply as a machine for turning out crops. The machine is the matter of first importance. This is always to be kept in good running order, and its efficiency is to be increased by all economical methods. The man who farms upon this system will never sacrifice soil for a great crop. His aim is to have every crop founded. He aims in every working of the soil to increase its depth and to add to it more elements of fertility than he removes in the crops, and to make the crops not only pay for themselves, but to pay for the improvement of the acres upon which they are grown. In carrying out this aim, so as to realize these results, a man shows his skill as a cultivator. It is a comparatively easy thing, for any one who has money to improve the soil so that it shall produce crops paying for the labor of \$200 or \$300 an acre. Stable manure, enough well ploughed in, will do this. But it is altogether another matter to make this improvement pay for itself. Yet, it is a possible thing to do this, and there are farmers skillful enough to accomplish this result, and this we hold to be the true aim in the cultivation of the soil. The most judicious improvements, those which finally pay the largest profits, require several years to bring in their full returns. It is a matter of great importance that our farming population should not only be settled, but that they should feel settled, and plan all their operations upon the farm as if they expected to spend their days upon it.

### A Singular Remedy.

Mention has been made, says the Baltimore Sun, of the case of A. R. Smoot, commission merchant, who was so seriously injured a few days ago by jumping from some boxes, on Light street wharf, on a nail two and a half inches in length, which passed nearly through his foot, firmly clinching him to the floor. Mr. Smoot subsequently received per mail a postal card from some kind-hearted person, which read as follows: "Reading of your painful accident in this morning's paper (the Sun), I take the liberty of sending you a remedy which is considered infallible. It is simply to smoke the wound or bruise that is inflamed with burning wool or woolen cloth twenty minutes. The smoke of wool will take the pain out of the wound. I hope you will try the remedy and be benefitted."

### SYMPATHIZER.

Mr. Smoot lost no time in resorting to the remedy though it was somewhat different from the hypodermic treatment administered by the physicians. An old iron pot, of extra dimensions, such as are used in the Old Dominion, Mr. Smoot's place of nativity, was immediately brought into requisition and filled with the remedial agents. A dense smoke was raised from the burning wool, enough to smoke out all the Macbeth witches in the incantation scene, and with perfect success. Mr. Smoot desires his most heartfelt thanks to be returned to the kind-hearted sympathizer, and is happy to say he experienced the greatest relief in the application of the remedy. New life, as it were, and motion was restored to the afflicted limb, and he enjoyed a delightful rest after the operation. The facts of the case are sent to the Sun as of value to all who may be similarly wounded.

### Do Plant an Orchard.

No man has lived in vain who has built a house, planted an orchard, and raised a child. This is an old Spanish proverb expressive of homely truths. Fruit is the natural food of man. The molar and incisor teeth of man were given for a fruit and vegetable diet, and only a pair of cusps or eye teeth are placed on either side for the purpose of an occasional diet.

Those animals which live altogether on flesh have teeth adapted to tearing, like the lions, cats, &c., while those destined to feed on grass, like the cow, sheep, &c., have only teeth fitted for cropping and masticating their food. Now if nature, through the structure of our teeth, stomachs, intestines, &c., tells us that fruit is man's natural food, is it not criminal in us as rational beings to attempt to falsify the laws that nature has ordained, and refuse to supply ourselves with what a beneficent Providence seeks to give us in abundance?

The head of a family who refuses or neglects supplying fruit for the little ones is unworthy the trust given him, and, sooner or later, is apt to pay the penalty of his poor stewardship. Do then, Grangers and farmers, plant fruit trees of every kind indigenous to the soil and climate in which you live, do strive to feed cheaply with healthy food those dependent on your judgment and support. Fall is the season of the year to begin an orchard or a garden if we want sure returns. It is also the time to prepare a vineyard, and plant a full supply of berries of every description. Ignorance, idleness, and sloth are these setting sins of that farmer who never has time to tend a garden or plant an orchard. If any of our readers are cursed with the sin, let us ask in the name of the country that he now throw it off, and show his repentance by at once preparing to set out fruit trees and berries of all kinds sufficient to give an ample supply of good fruit for his family, with some for his neighbors. Do this, and long will you be remembered in the land, and your name will be called blessed.—Louisville National Granger.

### Burying Potatoes.

The Canada Farmer gives the following method of burying potatoes: Potatoes should be laid in compact heaps, and covered carefully with straw. Over the straw put about eight inches of earth, and over the earth a good thick layer of straw. Over all put six or eight inches of earth. Frost will go through almost any thickness of earth alone, but it will suffice to keep it in place. By using straw and earth combined, time is saved in uncovering when the roots are wanted to be got at. If the snow is blown from the heaps during the winter, and the cold is very intense, it will be well to cover them with a coating of coarse manure.

### The Grange Means Peace.

In a late circular the Executive Committee of the Missouri State Grange very truthfully says: There are many professional and trading, and even some of our brethren, who seem to think that the mission of the Grange is to fight everything and everybody. Never was there a greater mistake. If any body of men mean "peace on earth and good will to men," it is the Grangers. We desire the prosperity of all good men. We have no antagonism to any honest calling, trade or profession. We want all to flourish and prosper, but we do not want them to be our masters. While other trades and professions are prospering, we want the farmers to prosper also. We want the "man who holds the bread" to reap the fruits of his own labor, and not to have them go mainly into the pockets of the drones of society.

We want agriculture to flourish and the tillers of the soil to be elevated financially, socially, and educationally. And why should we not try to build up ourselves, if we do not aim to pull down any body else who ought to prosper? There is no agrarianism in the Grange. Every Patron wants all the property he can get honestly by his toil.

We do not wish to injure the lawyers, though one of our cardinal doctrines takes away a great source of their profit.

One of our proudest achievements is to stop strife and lawsuits among farmers. Where Granges flourish lawsuits diminish, and the little breaches that arise between brethren are healed without litigation.—Farmers' Home Journal.

### Boys not Suited for the Farm.

If the only good that a boy ever did about a farm was to repair the pump, hang gates, make mole-traps, put in rake-teeth, file the saw, and hang the grindstone, and he did these things well, obviously the farm is not the place for him—but the machine-shop is. If a boy will walk a half-dozen miles after the day's work is done to hear a political speech; if he takes the time from play to attend trials before a justice of the peace, and sits up half the night when he is going to school to learn declamations which bring down the house at spelling-schools, most likely he will do the world more good if he put a law-book and not a manure-fork in his hand. If he earn more money in trading jack-knives and fish-lines on rainy days than he does in hoeing potatoes and cutting grain in fair weather, give him a chance at the yard stick, and not have him around troubling the other boys who are handling horse-rakes and pitch-forks, and the like employments. Again, if a boy is skillful in skinning small animals and stuffing small birds; if he practiced making pills of mud when he was a child, and extracted teeth from jaws of dead horses with pinchers when he got older; if he read physiology while his brothers are deep in Robinson Crusoe, he will be far more likely to succeed with a lancet than with a scythe.—Phrenological Journal.

### Household Hints.

**Valuable Recipes.**  
**FRICASSEED POTATOES.**—Pare and slice, half an inch in thickness, into cold water, the required quantity of potatoes, and wash them well; put them into a clean sauce pan and pour over them cold water enough to half cover them, and close the pot tightly and let them cook fifteen minutes, then drain off every drop of water; have ready a half pint of cream or new milk, a large spoonful of good butter, a teaspoonful of chopped parsley, and some salt, and pour this over the potatoes and just heat up. Serve hot.

**CURING HAMS.**—A good receipt is to rub the hams with fine salt and sugar, and lay in a dry place. After five or six days rub again, putting on some new salt, as the old becomes dry and does not penetrate. At the end of eight or nine days apply the salt again. Use sugar only the first rubbing. Keep the salt on them until the shank looks white and the skin draws down tight; when this is the appearance the hams are ready to smoke.

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The character which this Magazine possesses for variety, enterprise, artistic wealth, and literary culture that has kept pace with, if it has not led the times, should cause its conductors to regard it with justifiable complacency. It also entitles them to a great claim upon the public gratitude. The Magazine has done good, and not evil, all the days of its life.—Brooklyn Eagle

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